PS 3527
.E923 M6
1922

Class PS3527

Book .E923M6

Copyright No. 1922

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

167
1749

Our lives are measured less in years,
Than by achievements, hopes and tears.

MODAL VERSE

(In Two Parts)

BY

GEO. W. NEWTON

Attorney at Law, Retired

Revised and Enlarged Edition
with Apothegms and Notes

Decorated by

EMMA BELL FOSTER

HUMPHREYS & MOULE
Printers and Binders
Bismarck, North Dakota
1922

PS3527
.E923M6
1922

DEC -2 '22

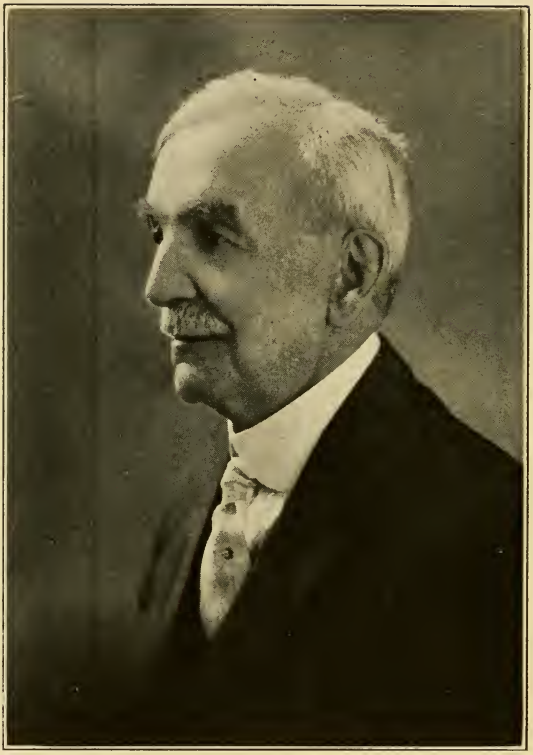
© CLA691669

Serial Number.....

Copyright, November, 1922
By
Geo. W. Newton

Made in the U. S. of America
All rights reserved.

TO
ALL LOVERS OF VERSE
AND AMATEURS IN VERSIFICATION
AND LIKE FORMS OF INNOCENT FOLLY
AND SELF-ENTERTAINMENT
AND RECREATION
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS FRATERNALLY
DEDICATED



Sincerely Yours
Geo. W. Newton.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIS EDITION

This little volume of verse has now reached its second edition with some additions both in verse and prose. The first edition has become entirely exhausted, but the demand for it does not seem to have reached its limit. To the writer's knowledge it has gone into many parts of the country—into several and various States; a full list of which would embrace at least the number of fifteen or more.

Though it is known not to be perfect in its typographical execution, nor even in all particulars in its composition, yet such errors are not very noticeable and probably but few readers would be liable to notice them at all.

However, there are a few errors of each class that should not have been permitted. This edition is printed for the purpose of correcting such imperfections and is otherwise largely the same as the first, but revised and enlarged with the addition of some new pieces and explanatory notes. The writer has explained in the prefatory note (Foreword) to the first edition, that he lost most, or more correctly perhaps, many of his efforts, in the same direction, in a fire which consumed his living rooms and their contents, and therefore some of his compositions could not be reproduced. Such disaster has now been to a considerable extent remedied through the care and kindness of the author's sister living in Cincinnati, who had preserved some pieces that otherwise probably would never have come to light.

The errors noticed that crept into the first edition have been carefully looked after in this and cor-

rected, and thereby, it is hoped, have entirely disappeared. Great care has also been taken to prevent the occurrnce of any other errors, but others may be found notwithstanding.

In pursuit of the ever recurring affairs of life. it may well be conceded, errors in execution seem only to emphasize the limitations in results inhering in every angle of human effort.

The decorations of this edition are the same as those found in the first and are deemed entirely suitable and appropriate. Indeed, they have received much commendation for their manifest good taste and the skill of the artist—a lady of limited experience, but a real artist in such line.

This edition is submitted to the public in the hope that the reader may enjoy its contents, and that no critic will deem it necessary to express any very severe reflections regarding its mechanical execution or its contents. Moreover, the author has taken much pains not to express any thoughts not suitable for any person, old or young, to read at any time or place.

It affords the author much gratification to say that its preparation has afforded him much entertainment and greatly solaced his idle hours and afforded him much recreation and pleasure, for agreeable labor is both recreation and pleasure.

It is moreover the author's wish that whoever shall be at the pains of reading it may find it at least useful to the same end, and, to some extent amusing and entertaining.

Geo. W. Newton.

Bismarck, N. D., 1922.

INDEX

	Page
Frontispiece ..... Opposite page	3
Decoration—O, World, etc.	9
" —Robin Birds	17
" —Nest of Eggs	20
Aborigines, Concept of Deity, verse	51
Advertisement	7
Allegory, An, verse	48
Apothegms	62
Author, The, picture ..... Opposite page	3
Beyond the Hill	40
Bill, Kaiser	102
Borrowed Fears	39
Carry On, verse	52
Concept, Spectre, verse	23
Consolation, A Fragment, verse	44
Dedication	5
Dedication, to The Old Gate	87
Deity, Aborigines' Concept of, verse	51
Epilogue, Note to	45
Epilogue, verse	45
Epigraph, verse	9
Epigraph, picture	9
Epigram, verse	41
Fears, Borrowed, verse	39
Fears, Phantom, verse	97
Fears, Nemesis	22
Foreword	11
Fragment, A, Unrest, verse	51
Fragment, A, Consolation, verse	44
France, Insistent, verse	102
Gate, Old, The, verse	89
Instance, An, verse	21
Kaiser Bill, verse	102
Lines to my Sister, deceased, verse	98
Missouri River, The, verse	46
Muddy, Big, The, verse	46
Nature, verse	125

INDEX—Continued

	Page
Noblesse Oblige, verse	54
Number, Serial	3
Part Two, Introduction	81
Preface to Apothegms	59
River, Missouri, The, verse	46
Robin Birds, The, picture	17
Robin Birds, The, verse	17
Serial Number	3
Sonnet, verse	51
Spectre Concept, verse	23
Springtime, verse	48
Stoudenmeyer, Mrs., Lines in memory of, verse	98
Summation, verse	127
Title Page, The Old Gate	85
Unrest, A Fragment, verse	51
Where North Dakota Comes In, verse	42

"O World, Thy Slippery Turns"

FOREWORD

It may be of interest to the curious or critical reader of this modest little volume of verse to be assured that its contents were not prepared in expectation of receiving any emolument or reward therefrom, for such is truly the fact. In such case, then, the book must be deemed in its entirety as the work of a mere novice or amateur: and so it is.

The author has always been much interested in the study of rhetoric and kindred subjects, and inasmuch as the duties of the profession to which his life has been devoted required him to give much attention to prose composition of a polemical and analytical character, he naturally, and almost instinctively, turned to versification for relaxation and recreation.

The change afforded a ready and agreeable relief from the almost continual grind and burden of professional work and was in a way restful and entertaining.

The subjects treated are not numerous, but they are for the most part of such a nature as to lend themselves readily to the style of verse in which they are developed.

The diction, thoughts and versification seem to run in perfect accord and to invest the treatment of the subjects with a degree of poetic harmony and completeness not often found in verse, especially in modern verse.

Yet it is not contended that these efforts are perfect, or perhaps more than average compositions of their kind. However, their preparation has afforded the author many hours of amusement, recreation and contentment—indeed, relaxation from more strenuous labors.

Their publication at this time is attempted with the same end in view, except that it affords employment of a pleasant and entertaining nature for what otherwise would be hours of idleness forced upon the author by the burden of more than four score years of life.

There should be many more subjects; and no doubt would be, but from the fact that perhaps the greater part of the author's efforts in the same direction were destroyed by a fire that consumed his living rooms and many other of his possessions.

This explanation accounts for certain short pieces found herein and designated "Fragments." They have been brought into the collection from memory, but without the entire article to which they belong.

It is the sincere desire of the author that the reader may find at least a short hour of recreation and entertainment in their perusal, though it is not to be expected that the reader's enjoyment can equal that of the writer's, in their preparation.

Should an apology for this publication be sought, it may be found in what is already disclosed in this prefatory note. However, such disclosures are not so offered, but rather as a substantial and justifying reason therefor.

Before closing this note I desire to extend my grateful thanks to Wallace Campbell, Esq., and to

Mr. George E. Kremer, and other friends, for many words of encouragement and suggestions in its preparation and publication and without which it is feared neither would ever have been undertaken.

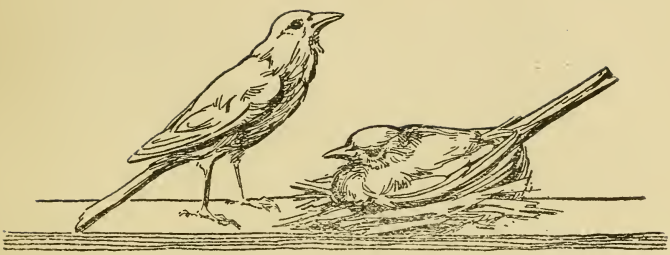
Whoever may desire further explanation can gather it from a couplet by some author whose name is now to the writer unknown, to-wit:

> Something today and something still,
> Enough's in life a life to fill.

G. W. N.

Bismarck, N. Dak., July, 1921.

Part One



THE ROBIN BIRDS

(*Merula Migratoria*)

ROBIN birds together mated
By some sympathy they know:
Heart to heart in strong ties wedded,
Two as one for aye united,
More devoted still to grow;
Drawing each to each more closely
By the subtle cords of love,
Than the elfin spirits ghostly
In their fairyland above.

Up beneath the shading cornice
Of the porch before the door;
There their rustic home or nest is
And their household gods and manes.
There have been two years or more.
Thence by chill winds driven thither
To the Southland warm and fair,
Their's not love to shrink or wither;
Their's not hope to feel despair.

When discovered it was only
Part constructed, rough and rude,
Yet how cunningly and swiftly
And how certain and exactly
'Twas completed well and good;
Were it rocked by storms of winter
Till a breach came in its side,
First replaced was ev'ry splinter
At their coming to abide.

Thence from time to time returning
From the garden or the hill;
She within the nest walls hiding,
He the meantime close abiding
On the nearest window sill—
Fixed there as if sense of duty,
Indescribable in letters,
Or some all enchanting beauty
Him enchained in mystic fetters.

Soon a flutter and a whirring
And the shadows flitting pass
Of two objects quick and stirring,
And but slight the vision blurring,
Thrown in streamlets on the grass,
And the nest is quite deserted
And the window sill is bare,
Yet their care is not averted
From four eggs close nested there.

'Mongst the leafy boughs outreaching
O'er the ledge across the way,
Many birds in chorus ringing,
Are their richest notes in singing
In one grandest roundelay;
And these robin birds in clearest
Notes distinct above the rest,
Show their joy is full, completest,
For the eggs within the nest.

Days and nights each with the other,
She upon the nest and he
On the window sill together—
Much as ever birds of feather
Flock unto the selfsame tree,
Watch with closest care and tender
O'er the eggs with growing zest,
Till the brittle shells do render
Four young robins in the nest.

Now life's work when undertaken
Is no toy to drop as soon
As its cares to life awaken,
And its calls and needs so hasten
That to strive's the only boon;
But to those who find in living
Benefactions for its toil,
Love of offspring, joy of serving,
All discordant thoughts forestall.

Robin birds together caring
For their nestlings young and frail;
Ever striving and contriving—
Urge of duty them inspiring
To provide in full detail
For all wants—and birds have legion—
That recurring ever stay
In the very place and region
Traveled o'er from day to day.

When their days by weeks are counted
And the nest they over-fill,
Then to each is full recounted
Of the dangers, swift and mounted,
That pursue to slay and kill,
And this brood of nestlings slender
For themselves have life begun,
And these robin birds can render
Full account of duty done.

AN INSTANCE

O'er pressed, o'er come, by ills, disease,
I sought my chamber room,
The catch turned in the clicking lock,
Its bars shut out life's gloom.

Its narrow span was broad enough,
Its darkened windows shone,
All friendship seemed attendant there,
Though I was near alone.

The doctor called, came quickly there,
Cheerfully assuring,
His ministrations brought results,
Speedy convalescing.

The moments sped on wings so swift,
By ways I dare not name,
My cup of bliss was full indeed,
And so I did proclaim.

But somehow thence, there came, alas!
By steps not easy counted,
A troub'ling spirit so intense,
To all my thoughts it mounted.

A troub'ling spirit so intense,
That though 'twas unattended,
All evil spirits in its train
Might well be comprehended.

I sought its name, nor sought it long,
For soon it was revealéd,
That Ennui forced my chamber walls
When my disease was healéd.

I seized the catch, the bar turned back,
The lock still clicked its voicing,
Forth went I out into the world
And on life's way rejoicing.

But there are facts I must relate
So soon did I recover,
My faithful wife was my good nurse
And I am still her lover.

GOOD CHEER

Our one great nemesis in life is fear,
Of which the antidote's our friend, Good Cheer.

SPECTRE CONCEPTS

or

VOICE AND VISION

A Cyclorama

CANTO ONE

The title of this verse may sound
As either flighty or profound;
But neither word may e'en suggest
The true solution, nor the best;
So read with care and thus decide
And with thy judgment then abide.

This prologue new hereby essays,
(As was the vogue in other days),
An explanation:
Why the need,
Of e'en excuse for this our screed?
(The pros and cons we here rehearse,
By written lines in time and verse)—
The answer is, hereby, we may
Some critic's words severe allay;
For critics are too harsh at times,
And true or false, speak ill of rhymes.
'They're not at all times, ev'ry day,
As eulogists in ecstasy);
Some fair and gentle, kind and true;
Others both wild and wicked too.

So mild the kind are, here and there,
The wicked seem near ev'ry where:
The gentle ones are but a few,
The wild may all restraints eschew,
And rant and rave and loudly screech,
But naught that's helpful know or teach.
Thus then we'll learn who may deride
Yet with what follows still abide.
So there's no dread of an affray,
Though critics *do* have things to say.

Echo's no presence, good or ill,
Whene'er she's silent, she's mere nil,
Her aim, who knows? No one can say,
Never at home, nor e'en away.
Nor is she seen by day or night,
But ever hidden—out of sight:
She is not always at command,
Though doubtless hiding near at hand;
A contradiction this may seem,
Though it is true, and no mere dream—
Clear paradox like "wooden horse,"
Or "Spectre concept" of mere voice;
Without a figure, young or old,
She is both impudent and bold.
For when she speaks, 'tis in refrain
Of what she's heard in words and strain;
An uninvited guest that's found
But never welcomed—just around.
A phantom voice that mere repeats
Whate'er she's heard and then retreats.
And so she's not by self a fact—
Mere mocking sprite, in ways exact.

Echo from distance speaks but low,
'Tis nature's way at times we know;
Sound waves much lessen, when they meet
In mere reflection, or retreat
Far out—a long way from the word
From which the mocking answer's heard.
Echo's reflection's but a sound,
Nor substance is e'en on the ground:
It starts right here, responding there,
And never's else than in the air:
At first distinct, then faint it grows,
As off and yon it further goes,
Thus: HERE—Here—here—no sound is left,
So clearly it but mocks itself.
It's naught that is, but only seems,
Like voices heard at times in dreams.
Thus Echo leaves no shadow fair,
But disappears out in the air.

Now Mode's a spectre, not a song,
Echo's mere voice, or soft or strong.
They're out by chance, as phantoms meet,
And friends at once become, and sweet.
Mode and Echo are now such chums,
That whence one goes the other comes;
So they are often known as pals,
If where one is the other dwells.
Thus each and both abound, as need,
True cosmopolitans indeed.
They're often met, or there or here,
Mode we vision, Echo we hear,
Each as each, mere fays and elves,
Seem but reflections, thus themselves.

Mode seeks utility and so,
At times, Dame Fashion's latest show
Of shades, of colors, forms and style:
So Fashion's mistress for the while:
Thus, "Paris in flames," once she had,
Then, "in ashes," both new and sad;
Each clear reminder of the fact,
That was too true and too exact.
The list's too long here to compile,
As such display would none beguile:
The samples noted clear disclose
The source from which their names arose.
We would more state, in list complete,
If useful end we'd thereby meet:
As Homer in his verse did show
The names of Grecian ships you know.
But Frenchmen are that brave we hear,
A warlike race that nothing fear;
So in trade names recall war not,
As sooner thus 'twill be forgot.

Now Paris is a famous town,
For years on years, of high renown;
Live city that straightway revives
Whate'er its fate, and still survives.
Once home of Royalty and Kings,
And gangs of Courtiers too and "rings";
More tyranny of rank and pride
Than Frenchmen ever could abide:
The commune rose, tore up the town,
And mobs broke out, despite the crown.
And soon or late, defied the throne,
Yet Paris stood and held her own.

Thus she has all her foes withstood,
Through fortune ill and fortune good:
At times perhaps within and near,
At other times great armies were.
A jealous prince of neighbor crown,
In search of glory and renown,
Would seek to humble or abate
So great a people and their state,
But in or out or far or near,
Did any enemy appear,
The French stood firm and met the fray,
Until the foe should fade away.
Thus Paris rose and in her might,
Soon drove all vandals from her sight.
By sieges wrecked, anon restored,
Till now she stands the "final word."
So Paris is, the French opine,
Quite all of France, to outer line.
(Thus Frenchmen are so keen a folk,
They paradox for egg, its yolk).
That is, mankind must now agree,
All France is French, and so must we.
'Twas fashion through freak names besought
To lure the trade that sold and bought.
But what's the need that we should here
Cause such sad notions to appear.
From their account then turn aside.
That Mode hence on may be our guide.

Now Fashion is mere show bizarre,
Of all new styles that ever are:
But Mode's conservative and true,

In things substantial, right and new.
So Mode is worthy, we portend,
And chiefly serves some useful end:
Echo and Mode out by the way,
As phantoms were there on display—
And there they were, there did abide
'Till mode sought fortune, naught beside.
Thus then they dwell as phantoms fair,
And each as each a friendly pair.
Fashion is flighty—light, in fact,
While Mode's more stable and exact.
Mode is not vain, but her design
Is fixed and firm as thine or mine.
She trades and traffics, buys to sell,
Do shekels come her way 'tis well:
In trade she's a self-serving guide,
And seeks for nothing much beside.
'Tis thus she serves each mart in kind,
All else she shuns or leaves behind.
But first and foremost, so's our lay,
She's nothing much but mere display.
Echo and Mode, as each so each,
The end we seek and hereby reach.

We've thus far brought our theme along,
'Tis not quite true, nor yet too strong.
Vision and voice are phantom's names
For Mode and Echo in these rhymes.
So when you read such words as these,
Just call to mind their meaning please.
Mode is vision, Echo is voice,
And so continue through this verse;

Thus when you meet them you may know
The reason why they're uséd so.

Now Echo's naught but mocking voice,
And Mode's mere mimicry in choice,
Yet they are germane, as we say,
But scarcely in the natal way.
Unto the eyes they're not of kin,
But that's mere gauze and quite too thin.
Echo's a phantom, fay or elf,
Just out for pleasure by herself,
And Mode's another, out for pelf,
Each end thus sought speaks for itself.
So these two names keep well in mind,
But hold them germane, understand—
Echo, we add, seeks joy and fun,
Mode mere display, lucre and "mon."

'Tis true one is mock words exact,
Minus one thought her own in fact.
Echo repeats what words she hears,
Mere naught to eyes, okeh to ears.
Neither exploits the narrow truth,
Nor e'en desists because of ruth;
Neither is sole—nor e'en dual—
But each to other's much a pal.

Who sings, or chants, or whistles shrill,
Echo in like will answer still:
In room, or cave, on hill, in hall,
Echo responds like way to all:—
Nor stream, nor lake, nor other cause,
Conditions right, can give her pause.

Although she mocks what notes she's heard,
She is not else a mocking bird.
Where'er she may, so we are told,
Such game she plays, both fresh and bold.

Now Mode's much like the octopus,
With tentacles two score and plus—
To right, to left, she reaches out,
And rear and front, and all about;
She's service to and in all trade,
A profit wanton, on parade.
Rich robed in style, and suave and kind,
She sweetly aids each one to find,
To buy, discuss, to view, decline:
Always the same and near divine.
Occasions are when they may mix,
Result—mere cycloramic tricks.
Though nothing much but a concept,
Remove the spectre, naught is left.
Indeed each seems much like a fake,
As neither's true for truth's own sake—
So thus we leave them, but exact,
They're more in concept than in fact.

Now then again we here may add
A further showing, not so bad,
Here near the end, before we quit,
'Tis true, 'tis fair, 'tis clear and fit:
Two, Mode and Echo, each bizarre,
Texts both of metaphysics are,
So each may mingle in and mix
With each in philosophic tricks,
And e'en to physics cling and stick,

So thus we learn they are germane,
And so for all time must remain,
Each in her way:—
Words are perverse,
Freaky in rhyme—quite so in verse—
Too often run in ways diverse,
Get out of place—at times "reverse,"
But English is a tongue superb,
In scriven line or spoken word;
Each well constructed sentence reads
Both plain and clear—nor word it needs
Of explanation:
Mode may splurge,
Echo join in and mock and urge,
But what results, they fakers are
At all such times, and both bizarre.

The ensemble of this our rhyme,
Is English strictly and in time:
Echo mere spectre, voice and ears,
Not e'en a substance, nothing fears.
Mode as display of much emprise,
Invites attention from all eyes:
So Mode is vision, first of this,
And then of that, and so she is.
She comes and goes, but still exists,
And late and early just persists.
Above it all she's mere concept,
Of things that are passe or apt.

Here now we drop the double theme
That Mode and Echo may be seen
And heard, each in her formal way,

Echo is mocking, Mode, display.
As huntsmen through the world they fare,
Nor heeding either whence or where.
Thus far we only intimate,
Now each like other demonstrate;
Henceforth in form and in the main,
Mode's style of speech, Echos refrain.
Their ways thus shown in the concrete,
Come full in view and quite complete:
Whoso stops now too much forgoes,
So read right on until the close.

CANTO TWO

Hereby's a story told in rhyme,
With scores in form and perfect time:
Echo's response is, "perfect time."

Both parts are true, correct but strange,
So first we need them to arrange:
Echo replying, "to arrange."

The subject's two fold, one's a fact,
The other ditto—words exact:
Echo, mere voice, shouts, "words exact".

She speaks too often, never wrong,
But apropos and sometimes strong:
Echo's response is, "sometimes strong".

She apes the phonograph, 'tis said,
But only ventures as she's led:
Echo's response is, "as she's led".

She never gives her thoughts away,
But filches words for mere display:
Echo replying, "mere display".

She is a mocker, vain and shy,
That's never seen by mortal eye:
Echo's refrain is, "mortal eye".

She never meets one face to face,
So her acquaintance's no disgrace:
Echo remarking, "no disgrace".

One might as well talk to one's self,
As she is naught else than an elf:
Echo consenting, "than an elf."

If she were aught but voice and sound,
She'd speak some thought, perhaps profound:
Echo's refrain, "perhaps profound".

She is not true, the old time fraud,
Though often seeming much abroad:
Echo's refrain is, "much abroad".

She's not a shadow, fair nor true,
"For shadows cast their shadows too":*
Echo's refrain is, "shadows too".

*Back in 1860 in what would now be deemed an old number of "Littell's Living Age," I read the following verse:

Strange to relate, yet wonderfully true,
E'en shadows cast their shadows too.

I have no idea by whom it may have been written, nor have I met with it since in any of my reading.

'Tis not our purpose to defend
The mocking jade—not e'en a friend:
Echo's response, "not e'en a friend".

We drop her here as hot or cold,
But she remains both "fresh" and bold:
Echo repeating, "fresh and bold".

So Echo chants her mocking say,
Verse after verse in this one way:
The words last heard, thus, "this one way".

So now we turn from Canto two,
To learn what mischief she may do:
Echo repeating, "she may do".

For still she seems, the time, to mix,
And all along to play at tricks:
Echo remarking, "play at tricks".

Echo so far has come along
Without one note, her own, of song:
She stops and flirts, coquettes and starts,
But ne'er displays old Cupid's darts.
We've led her on through Canto two,
And thus we've learned what she can do.
So now we're up with Canto three.
Does Echo mock? Read on and see.
If she can some way aid our lay,
Then surely she's not in the way;
But otherwise, so we premise,
She mocks, and mocks, all enterprise.
So here we take her through the door
To Mode's display of styles galore.

Should Echo mock at the facade
Then surely she's a silly jade.
So now we'll leave her on the side,
And henceforth on make Mode our guide.

CANTO THREE

Now here we view through verse and rhyme,
Live pictures as in pantomime:
Echo's refrain is, "pantomime".

A spectre female, nows our lay,
Mere concept of her sex today:
Echo repeating "sex today".

A filmy concept is such theme,
Clear spectre of a waking dream:
Echo's response is, "waking dream".

We've seen such visions by the score,
Through Fashion's ever open door:
Echo repeats thus, "open door".

She seems as morning's bright display,
Of sunshine at the break of day:
Echo's response is, "break of day".

Her name is legion, understand,
Her home, now, is throughout the land:
Echo responds, "throughout the land".

She rivals Venus from the sky,
In ev'ry living mortal's eye:
Echo repeating, "mortal's eye".

In Fashion's mirror ever right,
And modish in the critic's sight:
Echo replying, "critic's sight".

She's well disposed to'ards ev'ry one,
Though the great mass she seems to shun:
Echo's response is, "seems to shun".

She travels here and there and yon,
Naught but the Mode's apparel on:
Echo repeats, "apparel on".

Much wonderment do all express,
At the perfection of her dress:
Echo's response is, "of her dress".

Her step is light e'en as a queen's,
In ev'ry sense she's as she seems:
Echo's response is, "as she seems".

Her skirt? Nor short, nor long, nor broad,
Negates suggestion of the bawd:
Echo soft whispers, "of the bawd".

Her boots are modish, and disclose,
No lingerie save silken hose:
Echo's response is, "silken hose".

Her form a model, trim and chaste,
All robed in perfect care and taste:
Echo's refrain is, "care and taste".

Hats she sports of styles aplenty,
Each her choice from four and twenty:
Echo responds, "four and twenty".

Of fair complexion—eyes of blue;
Her tresses dark, and seemly too:
Echo's response is, "seemly too".

Her lily neck, true pearls embrace,
In streamlets circling o'er rich lace:
Echo repeating, "o'er rich lace".

In solitaires and clusters grand,
Rich gems she sports on either hand:
Echo's response is, "either hand".

At such display, who can withhold
The thoughts of lucre and of gold:
Echo's response is, "and of gold".

A phantom she—a sun ray beam,
So her approach and presence seem:
Echo's refrain, "and presence seem."

Her words are plentiful but few,
Her thoughts all chaste, select and new:
Echo's refrain, "select and new".

No end of beaux, met cold and froze,
But why so minded no one knows:
Echo's response is, "no one knows".

And yet she'd like some man to wed,
In kind remembrance of one dead:
Echo's refrain is, "of one dead".

Scarce more there is that can be said,
Except her's is a level head:
Echo's refrain is, "level head".

Her teeth snow white and pearly seem,
'Tis true, indeed, she is a dream:
Echo asserts, "she—is—a—dream".

Such spectres all have met betimes,
But few have told thereof in rhymes:
Echo's refrain "thereof in rhymes".

All further thoughts we now forego,
But list! there's something more to know:
Echo's refrain is, "mŏre to know".

Her lips! Ah me! A friendly kiss,
Would top the acme of all bliss:
Echo consenting, "of all bliss".

A kiss! Oh Joy! We say no more,
But stop right now, and close the door:
Echo's command is, "close—the—door".

MORAL

This verse is all both chaste and true,
Fair critique of some styles we view:
Mode's for the modiste, but a sign,
A mere illusion of design
To move the cash of friend and foe,
As here they come or there they go:
And Echo speaks her own no word,
But mere repeats what she has heard;
So bear in mind, Echo's a sprite
Of mocking voice—mere naught to sight.
Dame Fashion's each new style's display,

But tempts the spendthrift's vanity.
And Mode's just speaking for herself,
And all who seek the coign of pelf,
Thus Mode's one care is the amount
That's in her checking bank account.

BORROWED FEARS

Who seeks to live with borrowed fears,
O'erburdens self and squanders years;
While he who hopes and smiles and lives,
Meets all the pleasures that life gives:—
The moral is—from thought expel
Vain fears unknown, and all is well.

BEYOND THE HILL

The hidden Future is but time between
The passing moment and a point unseen,
That may be near, or far or farther still,
No one can say, as 'tis beyond the hill.
And hidden closely where soe'er it be,
But waits in patience for both you and me.
Each meets it singly—once forsooth is all—
None may avoid it—none indeed forestall.
Where'er it is, there waits in silent ease,
Perhaps to sadden, or perchance to please:
Alluring splendor glowing as the sun,
Or threat'ning shadows gath'ring, drear and wan.
The line that marks life's boundary in years,
As well should stand the limit of its fears,
Always unseen, there square across the way,
Where joy should greet us, or alas! what may?
'Tis conscience brightens life, as morn the dew,
And smiling meets the final change and new.
Does conscience guide, with steadfast purpose wait
The last denouement, trustfully, elate.
For God is just, forgiving all He can
Of wrongs committed by weak erring man.
"To err is human—to forgive, divine."
So it is written in Pope's quoted line.
To conscience listen—to its gentle voice,
And heed its guidance, as the better choice.
Each life thus guided, through its even way,
Should end most happ'ly at the last great day.

For conscience is kind nature's safest guide,
And followed truly, turns from wrong aside.
Thus life may leave a record—not of ill—
But faithful service, and its pages fill.
A full fair record of each thought and act,
Without evasion, truthful and exact;
That The All Wise One scanning as He will,
May note—a welcome—there beyond the hill;
And Him each servant, from such judgment day,
Shall, ever after, praise in ecstasy.

EPIGRAM

By preterition, rhetoricians show,
Each claimed omission, be it true or no.

WHERE NORTH DAKOTA COMES IN

Up where the Morning's Glow seems
some little nearer,
Up where the Mid-day Sun shines
some little clearer,
Up where the Ev'ning's star shows
some little better,
Up where the Coming Night waits
Some little later,
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Up where the Falling Rains seem
some little fresher,
Up where the Spreading Fields reach
some little further,
Up where the Waving Grass seems
some little greener,
Up where the Zest of Life seems
some little keener,
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Up where the Rushing Winds seem
some little stronger,
Up where the Winter's Snow lasts
some little longer,
Up where the Neighbor's Heart seems
some little warmer,
Up where the Hands we Clasp seem
some little fonder,
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Up where the Friends we Meet seem
some little nearer,
Up where all Womankind seems
some little dearer,
Up where Rewards of Life seem
some little surer,
Up where Life's Failing Aims seem
some little fewer,
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Up where the Twinkling Stars seem
of greater numbers,
Up where the Summer Nights bring
refreshing slumbers,
Up where each Maiden Eve seems
some little neater,
Up where each Mother's son seeks
some other's sister.
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Up where the Air we Breathe seems
some little fresher,
Up where the Mead of Life seems
some little sweeter,
Up where no Living Soul needs fear
the tyrant's rod,
Up where all Forms of Life cannote
the care of God.
There's where North Dakota comes in.

Who hits the trail to this fair state,
And toils within its pale;
Finds Opportunity in wait
To pass him out the Kale.

So now indeed, we end our lay
And thoughts or sad, remote;
Who settles here to toil and stay,
Must meet enthusing hope.

CONSOLATION, A FRAGMENT

So rage as Hate will, violence to do,
Love standing by us softens every blow,
And where death enters, be it there or here,
Prepares a welcome and attends the bier.

EPILOGUE

NOTE: In the year 1879 the writer accepted an invitation from the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Albans, Vermont, to deliver the Memorial Day address, May 30th of that year. He took for his subject, "The Citizen Soldier." The address was printed in full on such day, in the local paper, Col. Albert Clarke, editor, but it is not now procurable from the local office, as the writer learned in 1921. The original address was destroyed in the maner mentioned in the prefatory note, (Foreword), Supra. The writer has since received a complete copy of the paper containing the address from his sister living in Cincinnati, Ohio, as explained in the Advertisement in this edition, supra. The Epilogue follows:

The picture, its army, its dead, its brave;
Worn out in service, wasted to the grave;
Life's burden borne, opportunity met,
Though passed from life live in remembrance yet;
Their memory cherished, their example
Reviewed in detail shows the measure full;
Cut off by hatred in the prime of youth,
Rushed on to glory, martyrs to the truth;
Thence gone on before, yet the portals stand
Swung open widely and each spirit hand
Points to the banner waving o'er the land,
And each voice is shouting, "Hail to the end,
Flag of liberty, ensign of the free."
God's justice rules, then thrice happy is he
To whom it is permitted, at the wall,
Fighting for the right, wounded, there to fall.

THE MISSOURI RIVER

AGNOMEN

THE BIG MUDDY

Majestic River! Stream of ill repute—
Hence borne for mystic ages! Thy ill fame
Is self created, fix'd beyond refute,
And world-wide known, adhering to thy name:
Thy source is the wild Trident of the hills,
And mountain's heights—o'erspread with melting snow—
Legions of brooklets—scores of rippling rills,
Together meeting in thy bed below.
Majestic River! formed by Nature's hand—
Nor art, nor skill, nor line, nor chosen way,
Was ever shown thee through the arid land
Whence flow thy waters, as they ever may:—
Thus nature and thy own insensate self
Lead all thy waters to the waiting gulf.

Thy course is guided by thy bed and banks—
Thy bed and banks and waters are thy all,
And none are stable—so are nature's pranks:
Thy banks fall in—thy waters rise and fall—
Thy bed is shifty—chiefly silt and sand;
Unstable stuff! Right here in place today,
Tomorrow thy last channel may be land,
And then next morrow may have mov'd away.
Thy currents are not swift, or over strong:
The sailor man may stem them without fear,
And so does often, whether short or long,
And up and down his loaded boat may steer.

Majestic River! what delight to know!
Thy end in fact is not alone mere show.

The seasons are oft changing, warm and cold:
Summer and winter, autumn, springtime—with care
Each comes and goes—winter both harsh and bold—
Springtime with all surviving things that are
Most welcome—with its bounteous largess—
Summer, with its harvest time and harvest:
And autumn's fading picture—so all pass
In due time—none seems altogether best
For thee, O River! in winter ice-bound,
In summer shrivel'd by exceeding heat:
Thy spring's uprise and overflow are found
Quite harmless, nor fear'd in their mild retreat—
Thy moods O, River! a delightful study!
Fittingly thy Agnomen—The Big Muddy.

Majestic River! Mightiest of streams,
Whoso attended or alone may stand
Upon thy firm high banks, and musing—dreams,
And thinks he sees the world at its last end,
Is witness only of the springtime plight,
That nature meets out to old winter's frost,
And spring takes over in its rapid flight:
Though through such process naught of nature's lost—
Thy rushing waters drifting far and near,
And floating ice-cubes—roods of them therein,
Whirlpools and eddies—drift and dirt appear,
Confusion in action, often, now and then:
In all thy swift and erratic changes,
'Tis thy debacle and so its name is.

SPRINGTIME

(*An Allegory*)

Whereas Old Sol has crossed the line
And Winter's on its holiday—
Sir March's demis'd from short decline,
And springtime's here upon its way—
Aprille coquetting, many ways,
With snow and frost and change galore—
A maid of moods—or nights or days—
As was her custom years before—
Sunshine and warmth at her recall,
The earth o'erspreads with mantle green—
The forests and the brambles all
Abound in leaves and buds are seen:—
What time she tarries, not so long—
Decades, just three, no more, of days;
When sister May, much like a song,
Comes to the' fore in her own ways.

Now May has come—a maiden too—
With mien more steady, not less gay—
Aprille's relieved—she now is through—
And here the spring o'ertakes sweet May.
So mark the change—or here or there—
No trifling intercourse, we know,
With snow or frost or chilling air,
Though on occasion all bestow,
Uncalled, their presence at the meet.
Fair maiden May with grace and charm,
And ways most gentle and elite—
In naught suggests the least of harm—

But coaxes and with zonal breeze
Brings out the buds and blossoms gay,
And o'er all nature—plants and trees—
Her favors spreads in rich display.

Aprille and May—just two full months—
One freakish, but the other staid—
Each the other boldly confronts,
As neither's of the other 'fraid.
Thus far 'tis clear, we've had as guests,
Sisters of Spring—rough days and fair—
It may not prove, but it suggests,
That storm-days come and bright days are—
Martha and Mary—sisters twain,
A simile much talked about,
And so to make the story plain,
And fully test its credit out,
Sisters they were in very fact,
Saints Luke and John are so agreed,
A goodly tale, oft told, exact—
That's all we note—'tis true indeed.

Now of the Graces there's a line,
Through May to June, whence all do go—
Their favors are most gay, sublime,
For May, sweet maid, has made them so—
Her handiwork is neat and trim—
Attention shapes all in design—
Her touch awakens life within
Each bud contain'd—Oh touch divine!
No favor shown—or there or here—
Her sweet compassion reaches all—
Her love goes forth, or far or near—

No living germ may miss its call:
Her breezes chant their matin song—
The birds and insects it assume
And all together move along
Into the sister month of June.

'Twas Coleridge, wrote the fairest line,
In prose or verse 'tween pole and pole,
Thus: "In the leafy month of June."
And deeply touched each living soul,
Each soul that loves a happy thought,
Or grateful word or cheery line—
As all should love, yea, truly ought—
But those were days of Auld Lang Syne:—
Sweet June's allotment of the spring
Is just above a score of days—
Whence there she goes philandering
Into the shade of summer's bays—
A fickle maiden there she stands,
With smiles once parted 'twixt two friends—
The last now holds her willing hands,
And hence this tale here quickly ends.

THE ABORIGINES' CONCEPT OF THE DEITY

SONNET

How rich the theme—its magnitude and might
O'erwhelm the judgment and outrun the mind:—
The untaught savage through long years of night
Sought for some spirit that he could not find;
At last to end the so long reaching quest,
Divin'd a spirit of the dual kind:
In anger, rampant, but in grace at rest,
And thus it shows a nature ill or kind:—
The elements if normal note its smiles—
The raging floods, and waters, hail or sleet—
Clouds rushing o'er the sky and winter's gales,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's rumbling feet—
Are spirits ill and illy satiate—
Naught but atonement can propitiate.

UNREST, A FRAGMENT

A rending shaft, thy furtive glance,
A pang, a flutter at my breast,
My Dove is flown; remains, perchance,
The hungry Raven of unrest.

"CARRY ON"

In divers prints we read each day,
The world-war was a horror:
The Teutons sought by war's essay,
And hate dispensing terror,
To awe their foes, allied and bold
In union, French liaison—
The rush was met in manifold,
And the war went swiftly on.

No word is found, no English word,
Or French, so far as we know,
Nor plain command in near accord
That in fair meaning may show
The thought that moved the Briton right
When he essay'd contention,
But Tommy knew he was to fight
By the order, "Carry on."

So "Carry on" became a phrase
Of war-time force and favor,
And moved the Britons to engage
The foe with might and furore,
But not in hate, or dread or fear,
So brave men fight and battle,
But "Carry on," or there or here,
And thus their issues settle.

The world is as a stricken field,
Great projects gauge its battles,
Which some do win, while others yield;
Live issues, nothing settles,

Who looks ahead and wisely far,
And pursues the safer run,
Attains success, his aim, his star
And thereby the day is won.

Life's chiefest urge is "Carry on,"
But names no fix'd direction,
Its course an age long Marathon,
That ends in slight elation:—
The way is steep—severe indeed—
Part old—some new—much hidden—
All must attempt, while few succeed,
For so the Fates have bidden.

So "Carry on" is the command,
Nor hesitate, nor falter;
The puzzling query still does stand,
To-wit: Why is a piker?
Efficiency acclaims the meet—
Attention notes its measure,
While Service keeps the score complete—
Achievement counts the treasure.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

(*Rank Imposes Obligation*)

I

In olden times, when men were not
So very wise and Christian,
As now they are, or claim to be,
Whatever their condition,
The heir apparent to the throne,
Or any priv'leged station,
By these two words was taught to know
His duty to the nation:—
Noblesse oblige.

II

Such time was when to common men,
How worthy their pretention,
No honors came, except it were
By royal condescension,
So the "elect" might well expect,
Should they be any wanting,
The less refined of every kind
Would look on them as vaunting:—
Noblesse oblige.

III

Hence, then, this truth, for high born youth,
Some special potense carried,
To some extent, at least, it meant
Decrease of station parried;
But now at last, from natal caste,
Is man emancipated,

And honors are for any "star,"
No matter how related:—
Noblesse oblige.

IV.

It is no flighty, light romance,
Nor moral pointed fable,
A grandest constable* of France,
A baron high and noble,
Did this device choose as his own,
His 'scutcheon to emblazon,
From which with us, by being known,
His greatest fame has risen:—
Noblesse oblige.

V

This feudal chief thus emphasized
A most important lesson,
Imposed by ethics or devised
To make a clear impression,
And his design—the same is mine—
Was through the world's extension
To man's vast duties here in life

*In the original stanza a reference was here inserted to a note at the end which reads as follows, to-wit:

A French feudal family by the name of Montmorenci, whose members were styled "the first barons of France," or "the first Christian barons" had a motto, "Dieu aide au premier Baron chretien." Many of the members of this family held high office in France, such as grand constable, marshal, grand admiral, etc., and one of the greatest who was a grand constable, adopted this well known device as his own—"Noblesse oblige," Nobility has its duties. This was also a lesson strongly urged upon the youth of noble birth as an incentive to high aspirations and honorable deeds.

To call each one's attention:—
Noblesse oblige.

VI

Of none, indeed, can it be said,
He owes nor debt nor burden,
No living soul can claim, in truth,
No duty as a guerdon;
For whate'er place in life to fill,
Are set or thoughts or powers,
This maxim should all minds possess,
This motto brief be ours:—
Noblesse oblige.

VII

'Tis all the same, whatever place
Or station may be sought for;
The same response, the same refrain,
Who loiters or may labor;
The novice young and eager quite,
For any fray or venture,
Eftsoons apprenticed is to life,
Finds it in his indenture:—
Noblesse oblige.

VIII

The man who guides the plow afield,
The servant at the larder,
The money king upon the search
For trade and gold and barter;
The statesman, he does find it true,
Each soldier of the nation,
The lawyer and the doctor too,

And each of ev'ry station:—
Noblesse oblige.

IX

The ruler of a people great;
The follower of fashion;
Within the town or out of it,
Each life has its reflection:—
Like pebble cast into the sea,
That moves some slight inflation,
Increasing on and reaching forth,
To all in some relation:—
Noblesse oblige.

X

Does he escape of pulpit fame?
Does any on the ocean?
The workman at his toil and sweat,
Whatever his devotion?
The mother with her infant dear?
As certain too the father?
The schoolboy and the master stern?
The sister and the brother?
Noblesse oblige.

XI

The field is broad, the way direct,
Outreaching from some center;
Who starts, with wisdom must select
His course, to shun disaster.
But even then, with watchful care,
The sought for end may 'scape him,
For pitfalls are both here and there,
In hiding to defeat him:—
Noblesse oblige.

XII*

In life a keeper is, forsooth,
Each one of ev'ry other,
From station low to station high,
The keeper of his brother.
In ev'ry rank and ev'ry grade,
How great or few its powers,
The situation is the same,
Perforce this motto's ours—
Noblesse oblige.

XIII

Then never cease in hope to toil,
E'en strive without cessation,
For life on all in ev'ry age
Imposes obligation.
And He who gives the work to do,
Creator of creation,
No service leaves without reward,
So serve in expectation:—
Noblesse oblige.

*An explanation at this point seems proper. In the original of the piece stanza XI of this edition was not inserted, but another was prepared and printed for stanza XII of this edition. The original No. XI is No. XII herein, and both No. XI and No. XII were lost from the original ms., but No. XII was supplied from memory. No. XI and XII of the original are both shown herein and it is believed with some improvements.

PREFATORY NOTE TO APOTHEGMS

It seems necessary, or perhaps desirable is the better word, at this point in this little volume, that a few lines of explanation should appear. Hence this brief prefatory note of introduction. The requirement arises chiefly from the fact that at this place a change in the form of composition occurs—a change, more or less, radical in many respects, though both forms are properly enough within the meaning of the general title of the collection, Modal Verse, when clearly understood and liberally construed. The thoughts and sentiments contained in the following paragraphs and excerpts—we have herein entitled them Apothegms—are taken almost literally from the address delivered by the author at St. Albans, Vermont, on Memorial Day, May 30th, 1879, at the request of the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. (See note under title Epilogue, Supra). The address was closed with the verse found under such title.

There is no material change in any of the thoughts or sentiments expressed in any such paragraph, verse or apothegm as herein shown, though the forms of introduction in a few instances are slightly modified in the interest of harmony and to conform with the difference in circumstances under which they were originally prepared and under which they are now appearing. They were of course in the first instance prepared in connection with other thoughts and sentiments making and constituting in a way, a continuous showing and connect-

ed argument in support of the main theme of the address, and to be read or spoken to a promiscuous public audience, and to be more or less emphasized as might appear necessary to give them the proper force and meaning desired; whereas, as they appear herein they are only to be perused by the reader and emphasized in his own way and in accordance with each reader's judgment and understanding. Of course the reasoning as shown herein is more or less elliptical and broken, but notwithstanding, the argument can be easily followed to its conclusion.

The war that led to the establishment of Memorial Day was a war, on the part of the victors, that could not be avoided; any other conclusion is not to be thought of as it would have resulted in the dismemberment of a Nation with the most democratic and liberal government in the known world. Such government was established in resistance to royal prerogative. But it compromised of necessity with the canker of discord inherited from its progenitors, and therefore malignant within its own borders. From such source arose a factional dispute between the North and the South. Civilization became aroused and the emeute of Harper's Ferry followed, and for which John Brown, its leader, an abolitionist, paid the extreme penalty of the law. Certain of the Southern States, being mostly pro slavery in belief and interest, followed the example of Harper's Ferry, but in a different direction, and the war between the States followed. So there was no other alternative than civil war with its horrors and sacrifices. On the part of the final victors it was

entirely defensive. No compromise or peaceful arrangement of the issues seemed possible. At last, after due notice, the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the Federal government, President Abraham Lincoln, invoked by proclamation, the war power of the Nation and the canker of discord was removed and in due time the patient healed—justice and right prevailed and civilization took a long step forward. The act of the President was endorsed by the Congress and the requisite number of states and the principles of the proclamation became permanent. The war in question is clearly to be distinguished in many respects from the horrors of the late World War of Europe. The former raised no such revulsion of feeling against war in general as the latter. On the part of the Union the war between the States was unavoidable—it was merely a defensive war—nothing other—and its sacrifices could not rightfully be avoided. Hence the sentiments of the Apothegms. Though they do not seem to conform in all particulars with the views of the present generation, it should be borne in mind that the senitment regarding war existing at the present day is simply, or at least chiefly, the product of the late European war and its horrors. The writer is impressed with the belief that these apothegms may be found instructive and helpful at this period. They are without doubt encouraging and worthy of perusal—and do they not teach Good Americanism[1]

APOTHEGMS

At this, the Springtime, the hum of industry, stimulated by the season of greatest activity, is heard on every hand, and upon the efforts of the hour depend the results of the year.

It is moreover a moment when our minds are intent upon affairs of business and the best energies of our nature are bent upon matters of a practical turn.

It is indeed a time when the burden of opportunity is heaviest, and whoever delays is deemed careless of his obligations.

Hence all are active and busy—too busy, it would seem, to submit with patience to any interruption.

But let us lay aside for a while the thoughts of these everyday affairs of life and turning back a page in history, read a lesson from the lives of those whose memory it is the pride of millions to honor.

That lesson does not arise from the fact that they have lived and died, but from the fact that in their lives and deaths there has again been established man's capability of making great and noble sacrifice; his capability of placing his all upon the altar as a free will offering to the principles of right and justice; his capability of enduring the strain and pressure of a great temptation without forgetting that he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

The expectation that man as a whole, left to himself or entrusted with the sceptre of power, would turn out anything but a savage or a tyrant, has never been generally received, whereas, on the other hand, at times at least, it has been received as the very depth of wisdom to hold that the only hope of the great whole was in the ready submission to the direction of the few.

Philosophers and statesmen had not failed to discover, however, that inherent in man's better nature was the kernel of good and that it sometimes would and did germinate and grow, yet the more frequent occurrence of the savage coming to the front had always prevented this discovery from receiving anything more than a timid recognition.

Step by step, here a little and there a little, now retreating, now advancing, did that discovery press forward until it was boldly asserted that man could be entrusted with dominion over himself.

In the bloody struggles of the eighteenth century that assertion was placed upon the broad foundation of natural right, and in the fierce and sanguinary conflicts of our own time—now so rapidly passing out of remembrance—that foundation was enlarged to the full extent of the original declaration, that all men are created equal.

Hence today we stand possessed of that enlarged liberty, civil and political, which seems almost impossible of further extension, and the development

of which is traced in the history of rights and duties of citizenship under the enlightened government under which we live.

Those rights and duties are secured to all by the constitution and the laws and such rights beget duties and obligations.

And I know of no better occasion or time more appropriate in which to reflect upon these duties and obligations than this anniversary, devoted as it is to the memory of those who have performed, some of them at least, faithfully and well.

Did I need an apology for this, I should urge that Memorial Day means something more than the mere ceremonial of placing a handful of flowers at the grave of some departed friend; something more than the solemn procession and the assembling of many people.

It is the utterance and the expression of appreciation and gratitude towards those whose lives have been given to their country; to those who have performed the duties and met the obligations incident to the condition of citizenship which they enjoyed; those who lived not for themselves alone or for the present moment only but for the Nation and the generations to come; those whose patriotism was something more than a mere pretense—was a sentiment, born of that conviction which gives courage to do and suffer.

But they are dead, they are gone beyond the reach of any effort of ours, and these ceremonies are not had in the expectation of benefiting them.

Idle, indeed, would our efforts be if such were our only hope, and vain, indeed, will they also be if the living are not aided and encouraged—aided to build upon a firmer foundation, and encouraged to renewed and more determined efforts.

Therefore it is well for the living, then, to pause and examine the record made by the departed who were faithful to their trust.

It is also well to turn from our ordinary employments and contemplate with what sacrifice this inheritance which we enjoy was purchased and to renew the remembrance of those who have transmitted it to us.

The lesson of this occasion is found in the life and character of the citizen soldier. He is the custodian of civilization.

The right of citizenship begets its duties and its oblgations and they are co-extensive with that right, so that under a government like ours, where in a certain sense, everyone is a sovereign, those duties and obligations are very much increased.

Increased duties and obligations go hand in hand with the increase of privilege and the enlargement of opportunity.

Nobility is sometimes defined to be "A grant of privilege," and the nobility an order of men to whom privileges are granted.

In this view then, every citizen is a nobleman and should possess, to the fullest extent, the nobility of worth.

In the early ages, when society was in its infancy and government was unknown, individual rights and obligations were few. So, also, in the case of serfs and slaves, no privilege, no obligation —degradation.

As society advanced and communities increased in size and numbers, greater burdens were to be borne and the privilege of opportunity became the patent of nobility.

And thus it came about in the progress of time that those who were under the greatest obligation to their community were regarded as the most noble. and a class privileged beyond their fellows grew into existence and were denominated the nobility —always under the greater obligation because enjoying the greater privilege.

Step after step, up from the humblest subject to the sovereign himself did this law hold good. Privilege and opportunity in the one scale and in the other obligation and responsibility, so that from the crown, it became to be regarded, emanated all privilege and individual freedom became a matter of royal grant.

Then commenced the struggle of man against privileged man with its ever changing conditions.

To the soil of the new world the principle that all men are privileged alike and entitled equally to

the greatest civil and political liberty seemed indigenous and its history is very largely made up of the account of the struggles and conflicts in which that principle has been engaged in its onward march to victory.

The idea that all men are born equal never emanated from the mind of one holding a royal patent of nobility, but it was the conception of that far seeing wisdom that penetrates to the very depths of the human heart and discovers that mankind is actuated by something nobler than the influence of passion. It comes from that disinterested devotion to principle that is deaf alike to the appeal of self interest, the flattery of friends, or the menace of an enemy.

Indeed, it is echoed in every syllable of the record that affirms that God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life and he became a living soul.

Constitutions and governments are formed to meet the requirements of the occasion which calls them into existence.

Hence, the constitution and government under which we live bear unmistakable signs of having been born of resistance to royal prerogative.

In their every feature may be read that privilege comes not to the people but from them—from the many to the few—not from the few to the many.

Thus, for once, was reversed the old order of things, and to the world was promulgated the new problem of man's capability of self government.

Face to face have they since stood—the old and the new: the former venerable and hoary with the tradition of years, the latter active with the vigor and impatience of youth; the one jealous, dogmatic, arrogant and apprehensive; the other trustful, liberal, generous and full of hope.

Surely and steadily is the sceptre escaping from the hands of the few, and the tenets by which they have been so long able to hold dominion fast becoming obsolete; while on the other hand the new opinion, grand as the wisdom of Omniscience, is it surely and steadily growing and adapting itself to the requirements of a practical solution.

Nowhere in all the economy of Nature has man found another so dangerous an enemy as himself, and thus, to a superficial view, it was indeed a seeming paradox to give him dominion over himself.

This contradiction is, however, only seeming and is entirely dispelled when we remember the record that man became a "living soul."

Here then is the germ of hope and in that germ, quickened at the beginning by the breath of God, is found the solution of the whole matter.

Deep, aye profound, was the wisdom that generated the conception that to bring forth and develop the latent God-given powers inherent in the human soul was to disarm man as against himself and render him incapable of self injury.

Thus education is discovered to be the bed rock upon which may be built the superstructure of privilege, and to the extent that the former becomes universal so may the latter become general, until it embraces the whole human family. This is the sunlight by which shall be dispelled the clouds of superstition and prejudice that have so long overshadowed the one being upon the earth created in the image of God.

This is the sunlight by which the kernel of excellence implanted within that being at the beginning shall be warmed into life and that life stimulated into a vigorous growth until man, grand, upright, generous, shall stand forth a nobleman as designed.

Here then is discovered the primary duty of him who is or expects to become a citizen of free government, and in exact proportion as that duty is observed will the continuation of free institutions be assured.

This is an obligation of fundamental importance and he who best meets that obligation performs the commission of life most nobly. It therefore cannot, must not, be neglected.

Here are the letters patent granted to man by Heaven by which he is ordained a nobleman privileged with the burden of opportunity.

That burden is taken up at birth and laid aside only at the grave.

The possibility of its conquests no one can measure; they are spanned only by the infinity of Deity.

The exploration of all is not possible to any individual or generation—it is only permitted to the succession that was established at the foundation of time and that shall not fail until the full purpose of creation has been accomplished.

On every hand are the means by which is to be carried on the warfare of bringing error and wrong into subjection to truth and justice, and it is the unmistakable mission of man to apply these means to the accomplishment of that end.

In his hands have also been placed the implements by which that application is to be made and he is the one being from all created things whom the Creator has chosen to perform this labor.

Behold the field! Behold the laborers! Whoever is not diligent in the service is a drone and retards the work.

The cowards are at the rear and tremble and falter; the brave are at the front where the din of battle is loudest and danger greatest; they have the courage of their convictions; they die at their post.

It is a matter of no moment in what particular field of life the labor is performed.

Merit comes not from the field, but from the labor; not from opportunity lost, but from opportunity improved. Therefore all the various diver-

sified employments of life have furnished notable examples worthy of study and imitation.

Some as scholars, some as statesmen, some as divines, some as soldiers, and they were not the drones; they were the workers; they heard the call of duty; they felt the burden of opportunity; they enlisted for the war and they were in at the victory.

In the execution of the work committed to man, he not infrequently finds himself face to face with his fellows, engaged in deadly conflict. Different conceptions of duty like the elements of nature, wanting in that re-agent which will cause them to assimilate, commingle and run smoothly onward, clash and contend.

War is an exposition of nature—the companion of the volcano and the earthquake. It is a means and instrument of nature—not its end or purpose. It is a sign that the work is progressing—an earnest of its fulfillment. It is a lifetime in a moment, and to the extent that man is capable of enduring its rack and strain is he also capable of achievement in the ordinary walks of life.

Indeed, the battlefield is the horoscope of life, the plan of battle, its schemes; the drill, its routine; the maneuver, its variations; the charge, its eagerness; the contest, its earnestness, and the victory its triumph.

The one is the other intensified, and the motives that impel to great and noble deeds in the one sphere

are equally potent to spur on to that end in the other.

Some are moved by love of power; others love of achievement; others, religious zeal; others, the love of country; others, self agrandizement; others, justice and right, and as they are moved by the one influence or the other stand marshalled for the fray.

The whole field of science and mechanical discovery is called upon to furnish the enginry of the contest.

Love and good will to the rear, the demon of strife to the front.

They meet, they contend, they struggle, they agonize. Then the defeat, then the triumph, then the retreat, then the shout; then the one crushed, then the other victorious.

Death, ghastly and grim on every hand. Oh! the death! Oh! the carnage! Here let the shadow of night draw the veil of darkness o'er the scene.

From the condition of civilized man to that of the savage is but a step; from the condition of the savage to that of civilized man is the journey of the ages.

One false step of the individual overshadows the good deeds of a lifetime; one false principle recognized by a nation corrodes the whole body; one step backwards from civilization is barbarism.

There is no stopping place; the outposts of yesterday are in the rear today, and the march is ever on.

Whoso is not in the front rank is tardy, he fails of his opportunity, he is a barbarian.

The victor of every field is exposed to greatest danger. Elated, hot and unopposed, he is tempted to excess.

He is a very magazine of explosives, and as he bears the strain of triumph like a civilized man or a savage, may we discover his rank.

The vanquished are in his hands; He has the power of their disposal.

At the foot of the scale of human progress the savage may be seen, grim visaged and fierce, executing vengeance upon his enemy, now overcome and powerless, he destroys his life with brutish torture. Up the scale, this picture is repeated with variations—always with vengeance to the vanquished; some put to the sword, other massacred in cold blood, others sold into slavery, others held for ransom, others assessed an indemnity.

In point of progress, not of time, this picture closes at Richmond. There at the top of the scale behold the Blue and the Gray—the one elated, hot, unopposed; the other, scattered, powerless, crushed —the victor and the vanquished.

There is no putting to the sword, no massacre, no slavery, no ransom, no indemnity. The vanguard of civilization is there, victorious, unopposed and flush with victory, and it is remembered that the Lord has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay".

The voice of the spirit of free institutions is there and it says, "Malice towards none, good will to all".

Liberty is not anarchy; freedom is not confusion. Each presupposes law and order. Either without restraint is violence, their excess raises a mob.

Liberty is a natural right and freedom its correlative, and they inhere in all alike.

Under free government, each is at liberty to pursue that course in life that shall interrupt none other, and when the course of life as applied to the whole, is so pursued as to produce no interruption, there is the full enjoyment of the natural right.

Government and laws under free institutions only apply when interruptions occur; they never produce them.

Mankind tend to excess, and the old idea was to keep them in subjection by force applied—by external force—the few over the many. The new idea is by force called out—the inherent force, everyone over himself.

Under the old opinion the many were interrupted by the few; under the new, the few by the many;

in the former, man is the lawgiver to mankind; in the latter every man is a law unto himself.

It therefore follows that liberty is discipline, and the free man is the one most in subjection.

The victors are tempted to excess and under the old regime victory was often more disastrous than defeat; the power of the army became the enemy of the state, the strain of victory was dissipated in vengeance and vengeance is never sated; it is ever rushing for more.

Thus the victor, undisciplined and without self restraint, first destroys his enemy, then himself, and triumph culminates in anarchy.

A picture: A nation of freemen, the arts of peace most cherished and encouraged, all conditions and classes bound to them by the association of years; peace, plenty, prosperity and happiness everywhere; the ties and restraints of home and friendship observed and respected; good order, quiet and love on every hand. An enemy appears.

War with all its privations, hardship and danger, is come. The arts and habiliments of peace are laid aside, friends, kindred and all, left in the rear.

The host marshals at the front—an army of citizens, the children of free institutions, the pupils of the common schools, the boys in blue.

They carry the flag of civilization, the Stars and Stripes, the banner of the new opinion, and by their

acts is to be demonstrated its endurance. In them is the hope of the future.

With a firm and steady step, on, on, through repulse, defeat, success, victory—always steady, the starry flag in the front, the emblem of nobility, the shout goes around the world—huzzas for the Blue, yet it is steady, steady; the army of freemen is not disturbed, it yields to no temptation, it commits no excess, it respects its enemy, it asks no vengeance.

That army, every one a free man, every one a citizen, every one a nobleman, every one a ruler over his own spirit—its triumph ends in glory.

Life implies motion and it creates waste; hence waste is the consequence of life and the intensity of the latter may be estimated by the amount of the former.

The waste of life in this sense is not to be deplored; it is the converse of rust.

Rust is not a natural condition; it in man is opportunity squandered.

Waste is the normal condition; it is an evidence of life; it is the chafing of the burden.

A nation considered as a unit, the individuals become its respective members. The wear and waste of the members show the life and vigor of the nation.

An army in time of war are the members exposed, the hands, the feet, the head, the shoulders. Their waste shows the strain and pressure of the field.

As they are chafed, blistered, bruised, without wavering, so may be judged of their discipline and endurance. As the body so the members, and those who endure to be entirely wasted should be most honored.

Part Two

INTRODUCTION

To the Reader: The youngest of my parents' family was a son. In the year 1897 he was a teacher in some institution of learning at Andover, Mass. Early in the spring of that year he and his wife invited all of his brothers and sisters (the family consisted of ten children—three sisters and seven brothers) to visit them in the following August and thus hold a reunion. We had not been all together probably in near forty years—indeed never but once—the elder children having gone out for themselves before the youngest was born. So our good mother never saw her entire brood together as a unit except once, when those who were away returned for a short visit. I distinctly recall that on the occasion in question, she assembled us all in the living room of the old New England home and had us stand up in a row—side by side—in the order of our ages, beginning with the eldest, a sister. My place was number three in the line.

The invitations noticed suggested that each brother and sister prepare some kind of writing expressive of sentiments suitable to the occasion, to be read at the meeting. I had written some verse before then, so a poem was suggested as my contribution.

The eldest sister and the eldest of the family was then living at Salem, Oregon. She was quite aged and rather feeble. I was living at Bismarck, Da-

kota Territory, so naturally I was expected to arrange for her attendance at the meeting and would so have done but for the fact that near the first of May she was stricken with apoplexy and she died on the 9th. She had spent her mature years in the South—even the years of the war between the states—in Alabama, Florida and Texas. She was widowed at this time, having lost her husband in the latter state. I had visited her two or three times at Salem and was, I believe, the last of any of her brothers or sisters so to do. Indeed, I do not think that any of them, excepting myself, had at any time visited her after her removal to Oregon. Her death was the first to occur, of the group of children, and placed me, in view of the circumstances, in such a sad and peculiar predicament that I did not feel able to face it, and so did not attend the reunion, but prepared the verse that follows and had about thirty copies printed and bound in book form, and deckle-edged. The greater size was from left to right and its lesser from top to bottom. One stanza only was printed on a page. The form was the same as this with the foregoing exceptions. It is reproduced here as near as may be and thus shown, except the binding and the writer's portrait, which therein appeared at the end of the volume. The verse other than "The Old Gate" has since been added. It is new.

It should properly enough be shown that the eldest sister during much of her life had been engaged in teaching—especially of music. The eldest brother also in teaching, largely of music, and later a merchant in Alabama. Myself a lawyer in Vermont and in Dakota Territory and North Dakota.

The next brother younger, a minister of the Episcopal Church in Missouri. The next sister, a teacher in Ohio until her marriage in that state. The next, a brother, a physician in Vermont. The next, a sister and a teacher until her marriage in Vermont. The next, a brother and a physician in New York State. The next, a brother and a clerk in the employ of the Central Vermont Railway in Vermont, and the next and the youngest in the family, a teacher and now a college professor at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

THE OLD GATE

A RETROSPECT IN RHYME

BY
GEO. W. NEWTON

"An old house is like an old violin, the music of the past is wrought into it."

—Vermont Chronicle, Dec. 3rd, 1880.

BISMARCK:
1897

DEDICATION

To my Brothers and Sisters, this Poem entitled "The Old Gate," is affectionately inscribed in memory of those early years when, while together pursuing the arduous labors that fell to our lot in youth, we were encouraged hopefully to look forward to more congenial fields of usefulness by her, the summation of whose full character can only be expressed by the beautiful words, Christian Mother.

THE OLD GATE

I

PART the veiling clouds that hover
O'er remembrance of the past,
And life's retrospect discover
On the disc of memory cast,
All in mezzotint repeated
In one panoramic view—
Things accomplished or defeated,
To the mind's eye, full and true.

II

Each short step o'erlaps, returning,
Many years of time gone by,
In the acted scenes recurring
From the haunts of memory—
Scenes that fill the ample measure
Of the burdens borne or left—
Hopes of usefulness or pleasure,
Of fulfillment still bereft.

III

From the fields where we have striven
In the sterner walks of life,
Earnest as a sailor driven
To his cutlass in the strife,
Turned now back with frosted forehead
To the well remembered fane,
Where, in childhood, once we tarried,
Peering out upon life's plain.

IV

Mem'ry draws the lines less sharply
Than the living acts displayed—
Tints for colors—thus 'tis haply
Acute angles pale and fade.
Beautified by life's cosmetic,
Shade by time thrown o'er the scene,
Harshest sights grow e'en pathetic
In the dimness of their gleam.

V

From the somber heights of manhood,
Turning thence to its bright morn,
To the dear old home of childhood,
To the house where we were born,
There, the gate through which we enter
Is to live old days anew—
Thoughts upon their scenes concenter,
And again they pass in view.

VI

Back upon its hinges turning,
When again the latch is raised,
We, their voices well discerning,
Stop and listen—grow amazed.
Listen and—what strange condition!
Voices rendered harsh by time
Speak a welcome recognition,
In the hinges' grating chime.

VII

Portal, to what mansions airy,
Dear old gate before the manse!
Portal, where all feet must tarry
Ere they measure life's expanse!
Portal, through which who has wandered
Ne'er again may find thee more!
Portal, at what time we pondered
Was but waiting on the shore!

VIII

Swiftly as the senses muster
From the world's loud battle din,
Round thee, in great numbers cluster
Relics of what things have been,
Till our hearts seem full to bursting,
And our eyes suffuse in tears,
Quite forbidden, from their thirsting
Fountains, dried up in the years.

IX

See we there ourselves, in wonder,
Peering through the fastened gate,
That, (as prison walls may sunder
Erring man from wrathful hate),
Shields us—out upon the roadway,
Leading forth on either hand,
Dimly dreaming thence life someway,
Open must, in future, stand.

X

Later to its bars fast clinging,
Pleasure's moment all supreme,
In the giddy joy of swinging
Past and Future there between—
Heart in quickened pulses forming
Life's young blood for any fate—
Brain o'er full of visions swarming,
Back and forth as turned the gate.

XI

Oh! how often in the gloaming,
Or the fulness of the night,
O'er fatigued long years in roaming,
Thou hast stood before our sight!
And ambition's great emprises
Seemed to pale, or fade entire,
To the least that life comprises
As portrayed to Youth's desire.

XII

With thee oft we watched the morning
Brighten into perfect day,
Or the shadows fall in forming,
Far behind us in the way;
And the future seemed a golden
Romance, to our novice-mind,
Without cloud or fault beholden
That to trouble we should find.

XIII

And into our hearts swift entered
Such bright glow and depth of cheer
That when night in shadows gathered,
Fear of evil came not near,
For 'tis youth's undoubted treasure,
To discard all thoughts of ills
From the full-to-bursting measure
That the passing moment fills.

XIV

Live again the hopes just hinted
Unto us when there elate,
Waiting, thought ran on unstinted,
Past the time for youth to wait—
Past the confines of the homestead
To imagined fields of strife—
Issues great to be contested
In the after-work of life—

XV

Castles for rude hands to sunder,
Theirs were walls of brittle glass—
That each stay too soon, from under,
In life's flood, for aye, should pass,
Clearly in all parts out-standing
Bold against the future's sky,
Pictured in the sure expanding
Of the waiting by-and-by.

XVI

Entrance narrow, in refusal,
'Gainst each worldly evil's call,
Than watch-guarded casement mural,
By the love impaling all—
Way as broad, to him, as ocean,
In whose heart pure virtue lives,
Kept by self-imposed devotion
That parental fondness gives.

XVII

Faithful ever to the mission
Thou wert placed there to fulfill,
Whoso through thee sought admission
Found thee living sponsor still,
For thy voice's ready warning
Quickly sounded the alarm,
As a sentry true informing
At the first approach of harm.

XVIII

Through thee from without came strangers,
Suing in affection's name;
Armed and girded for life's dangers,
Errant-knights of Cupid came—
And the names thereafter spoken
Softly as in tender care,
Tell of heart-ties severed, broken,
In the homestead's circle there.

XIX

Doorway at whose threshold severed
Are the dearest ties of earth,
Home-love to which what's endeavored
Afterwards, is nothing worth!
In thy presence was the parting
Spoken at that far-off day,
As for self, from home outstarting,
Youthful footsteps turned away.

XX

Through the shrouding mist and shadow
Of all things whate'er we've known,
Seen in brightness of a halo,
Is one form—*her* form—alone—
And we hear her last words clearest,
As we sadly turned away,
*"Seek the One that's ever nearest,
Never, child, forget to pray."*

XXI

Ever present, true or seeming,
Guarding Gen'i of the way,
To the waking sense or dreaming,
Wander wheresoe'er we may,
Are those words thus fitly spoken—
Ripest fruitage of their kind,
Words of love that well betoken
Golden pictures of the mind.

XXII

And those words shall live forever,
And her look as they were said;
From remembrance naught can sever,
Till we're numbered with the dead—
At the gate there still she's standing,
And those spoken words as clear—
Tone and look and all commanding—
As that morning, now we hear.

XXIII

Witness thou the sad removal
Of her cold and shrouded form—
Mother Dear, in whose reproval
Glowed the love that's ever warm,
Followed thence in long procession,
Silent in a funeral train,
Summoned to the high fruition
That the righteous should attain.

XXIV

To thy urn in dust returning,
Ashes of the things we willed,
Wrought into their dross in fining,
Such the hopes our fancy filled—
Burnt as with a fitful fever,
Near, this pyre which life we call,
Waiting Death's resistless cleaver,
Certain soon to come to all.

XXV

Waiting on in expectation,
The good hopes that fail us here,
Garnered there to delectation,
To His servants will appear—
Waiting with expectant pleasure,
Patiently when, soon or late,
Having borne time's strickled measure,
We shall meet her at THE GATE.

PHANTOM FEARS

Our fears are chiefly phantoms bold,
Concentered on some thoughts untold,
But once pursued to source exact,
They vanish in mere mist of fact:—
So fears are vain—nor leaders true:—
The safe course is them to eschew.

Lines written in memory of my eldest sister, Mrs. C. A. Stoudenmeyer, deceased May, 1897, at Salem, Oregon, and there buried.

Thy new form'd grave was there and dark and cold,
When thence my footsteps sadly I did guide,
Thy last long home to visit and behold,
And deep in meditation stand beside—
Cheerless and dumb, while visions sad and strange,
Too soon to shadows pal'd by time thence flown,
In lapse of the long years that spann'd the range
'Twixt youth's young days and days since agéd grown—
Thy presence there within the lowly tomb,
And absence from the active life around,
Awoke, in thought, sad pictures of the gloom
In which the time we live may soon abound:
And there with free and funereal tears,
Bright, clear and livid scenes and their events
Of early days and times of youth's fond years,
In memory slumb'ring, awoke and thence
Before me stood the old familiar home—
Where all once gathered—nor was one there not.
The dearest mother there, but not alone—
Her many children—such a gleeful lot—
Were there, free, gay, happy and welcome, all,
And of which thou were indeed the eldest
And the leader truly, and so thoughtful—
Commanding by mild words of mere request.
Thy censure, gentle in reproof, with urge

Of love and friendship, and thy apt commend
A boon—e'en wine and manna, dry and large;
Did discord seem, or ever strife impend,
Thy word alone, if heard, would soon amend;
Thy slender form and figure, to the fill,
Thine own were truly—thine unto the end;
Nor word nor movement—imitation ill—
Both thought and poise were thine, and thine alone.

The evenings' study and the busy days,
School time and play time and the teacher friend,
The minister, a caller, and his ways,
Kind neighbors and the doctor understand—
Playmates and schoolmates and the higher class—
The music, recitations and essays,
Were there assembl'd and each and all en masse
In memory living and in thought's displays—
As all had been long years before and were—
Though some 'twas known, as dearest mother, had
The great divide pass'd o'er and were not there,
And thus I stood reflectively and sad—
But mem'ry clings not to dark views alone.
But speedy seizes some awakened ray,
And to its source pursues it, to atone
For each omission and so long delay:
So thus my vision chang'd, to fair and bright,
And other scenes recall'd, full form'd and clear,
At the old home and then there came in sight
Things long o'erlooked, but welcome and so dear.

Much frolicking and rollicking and glee
Abounding, and youthful trick and playing—

And sport and joy—quipping and repartee—
Each and all in clear remembrance staying—
The ready word and joke and apt reply—
Again from youth and childhood, so long gone,
With quicken'd footsteps in my thoughts went by
In multitudes, much like a living throng.
What time so standing fails me now to state.
All visions forming need not here be told,
But days appear'd both sad and desolate,
Some sixty years gone by, truly to hold—
When on occasion thou didst frank allege,
A guest from the fair Southland to appear—
To whom, dear Sister, thou by solemn pledge
And plight, thy heart had given, free and clear.
What speedy preparations then were sought
Need not be said, but soon a gentleman
Was duly welcom'd, truly as he ought.
Anon the minister came thence, and when
The nuptial vows of pledge and faith were said
The smiles and tears and greetings were not few,
Till time demanded all should move ahead.
So bidding bride and groom a swift adieu,
Their lives together some way to arrange,
Fond wife and husband left New England's hills
For the fair Southland home, both new and strange,
And hence now end the scenes my vision fills.
The groom, with love and joy and worthy pride,
Departed with his happy new-made bride.
Still the old home remains 'gainst time and tide,
But none is there with whom my thoughts abide.

TO
ALL AND EACH OF THE
LEGIONAIRES OF AMERICA AND
THEIR DECEASED BRETHREN, AND
THEIR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS AND ALL
OTHERS AIDING THEM, AND IN KINDLY REMEM-
BRANCE OF THEIR PATRIOTIC SERVICES AND
BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS AND HEROIC
SACRIFICES IN RESISTING AUTOCRACY
AND IN DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY
AND CIVILIZATION DURING THE
LATE WORLD WAR OF EUROPE
THIS BIT OF VERSE IS MOST
SINCERELY AND GRATE-
FULLY INSCRIBED.

INSISTENT FRANCE AND KAISER BILL

Awake, O kindly Muse! Acclaim,
The struggles that raised France to fame!
In time exact, and verse relate
Her valor that withstood ill fate.
Her wage of battles, fierce and strong,
That turned her foes from further wrong,
Is here depicted in these lines,
With scores complete and goodly rhymes.

The wounds France bears attest the blows
Delivered by her Teuton foes;
Both broad and deep, that demonstrate
The wantonness of jealous hate:—
A closer view clear scars reveal
Of older wounds, but scarce conceal
What France has suffered through the years,
With heart of steel, in hopes and fears.
Her spirit firm, her soul awake,
That never could, nor would forsake,
The field of glory, or of fame,
If foes were there and sought the game.
Near all the years, long ages past,
She's stood for self and won at last.
Hereby to scan her struggles o'er,
We retrograde, or less or more,—
Review the record as 'tis shown,
For France stands now by self alone.

Once she was realm of reigning kings,
And courtiers too in cliques and "rings,"

(The three last names are used express
For vicious courts that wrought excess.)
Rank tyranny in ev'ry part,
That left to few or hope or heart,
Till Frenchmen rose in their clear right
And drove such rulers from their sight:—
The conflict raged—orgy of ire,
Till kingship knew but one desire,
To-wit: to flee away and hide,
In safer place, and there abide.

'Mongst other means to tyrants giv'n,
The Bastille stood—sad cry to Heav'n,
Till Frenchmen in their zeal and might,
Erased such menace out of sight.
Now that one terror—years on years—
Within its walls held vales of tears:—
But when so razed, never again
Could it deter, or man or men.

France fought, resisted, lost and won,
Till kingly rule was quite undone.
Her purpose was thus to attain
The freedom that all men may claim:—
So now much liberty is there,
And life is free—none need despair.
Right of self-rule is the regime,
With naught of kingship in the scheme.

Thus France has lived through ups and downs,
Long ages past—empires and crowns—
But now she feels the weight and care,
Of self-control that all may share.

Thus liberty serves as a school,
With self-restraint its guiding rule.
And thus she's lived some fifty years,
And faced all foes, 'tween hopes and fears.

(This propaganda—not in rhyme—
That kings, though men, are yet divine,
All Europe held in dogma strong;
More: Reigning kings can do no wrong.)

But now the French are such indeed,
They face and meet their ev'ry need:—
Of many factions, small and great,
But all for France, at any rate.
She gathers friends—arouses foes,
But keeps right on despite all woes.
(Now war when waged for other use
Than self-defense is war's abuse.)

The year of Grace, nineteen fourteen,
Saw the world war break out between
The French and Teutons, at its start,
And last till nearly all took part.
Soon England sought a hand with France,
Finessed and played 'gainst all mischance;
And Belgium—all of one mind
As allied friends—met war in kind:
The martial hosts of Italy
Saw Teutons efforts and defy:—
And up they rose and joined the fight
To aid their neighbors as they might:—
(They'd suffered much in years gone by
And knew war means ill destiny.)

And later Uncle Sam awoke,
And in the way his gunners spoke,
The Teutons know they are undone,
Turn back at once and homeward run.
So all united in the war,
And others too, both near and far,
Until their foes, in ways of yore,
Just had to quit—and peace restore:—

Now Kaiser Bill of evil mind,
Forced war on France of other kind;
Ambition was his chiefest urge,
And cruel pride and Junker splurge.
A kindly prince should surely heed
That war as duty is no mead
To sweeten life, when there is need
Of fighting men, or men to lead:—
But Kaiser Bill did not this heed—
War's not the end of life men lead—
Nor is ambition's safest tread,
To meet and number neighbor's dead:—
The prince that can but won't desist
From rushing into war, and fierce,
Is not a man that's true, indeed,
But more a wolf that lives by greed.

Now Kaiser Bill no army led,
As danger lurks 'mongst soldier dead—
And danger was not his to face,
For death in war stalks ev'ry place:—
So Bill deputed other men
To lead his armies forth, and when
The stress of war grew fierce indeed,

He much surmised he'd not succeed.
And Junker pride had met its day:—
So Bill, the slacker, kept away.

Now a brave prince could not resist,
The calls of duty that persist,
When stress of war or other need,
Demands a leader to succeed:—
Does king or kaiser ever slack,
'Tis valor chiefly he does lack—
He's just a dotard in high place,
That soon or late ends in disgrace.
Whereas does he the crisis meet,
And curb the pressure of his feet,
His people all, in ev'ry way,
Will do their best his hands to stay,
And should he then meet with defeat,
He'd still be held a hero great—
Or death! He'd ever after stand
Amongst the martyrs of the land:—

At start, the Teutons thought they'd win,
If soon, with rush, they'd war begin.
They reasoned thus—All France's asleep,
And follows Folly's leadership.
But what an error—what mistake!
Mere self-delusion—and all fake!
For France was fearing much, a raid,
And preparation full had made.
The will of France was firm and strong,
And purpose true to meet such wrong:—
For war unjust is but abuse
Of public force in wrongful use.

France said no word, but met the foe,
And held the rush a day or so.
Five French divisions stood before
Sixteen—a host—three fold and o'er;—
From that brave stroke, we truly learn,
The Teutons lost the field of Marne.
This episode brought much surprise,
No hope was left save to revise
The plan of strategy complete,
For now they'd met the first defeat.
Thus their great scheme went to its fall,
Before the victors, past recall.
All hail, we say, brave men of France!
For deeds like these surpass romance!

Now Kaiser Bill, the Junker guide,
Sought e'en to rule the French beside.
The Teuton host rushed to the front,
Believing it an easy stunt
To rape possession of the land,
And hold the French secure in hand.

Now kingly trust all right offends,
When war's invoked for such vile ends.
Thus Junker hopes went to their fall—
Their throne—their crown—Kaiser and all.
For soon they met in war's array,
An allied force across their way,
That stood the shock and held the field,
Till Teuton pride was forced to yield.
The Junkers deemed themselves sublime
Up to this date—and near divine—
And supermen—high place to fill,

And lead the van, in ways to kill,
And terrify in stress of war.
But now they were like fading star,
Much in eclipse and out of place,
Brave men to meet and face to face.
Here this great people slipped a cog,
And missed their bearings in the fog:—
Their craft, unmastered, struck a reef
And foundered outright, past belief.
So here we leave them in such plight
Till ship of state is brought to right,
And love of war is cast aside,
And peace supplants old Junker pride.

(Some details here we must omit,
But who can ever them forget?)
The allied friends fought field on field,
And died by millions—not to yield;
Nor did they slacken at defeat,
But struck the foe at ev'ry meet:—
At Marne, Verdun, Argonne, Cambrai,
And others more—day after day.

And Flanders Fields, the places where
Fierce war was raging, "Over there,"
And "Huns," so called, with pride elate,
In numbers were of crushing weight.

Great Flanders Fields! 'Tis thus we name
The western line of war's domain,
Where armies fought at field on field,
Till one or other had to yield.

Oh Flanders Fields! Where late came we,
In khaki clad, armed cap-a-pie,
To save for freedom, less or more,
And God's rich gift, world peace, restore.

Fair Flanders Fields! where flowers bloom,
And graves are marked in rows, and gloom,
Distinctive symbols of the strife
Where armies met and war was rife.

Sad Flanders Fields! where armies stood,
In full array for strife and blood,
The bold invaders in such state,
Impelled to war because of hate.

Great Flanders Fields! where war was rife,
And carnage seemed alone, "the life,"
With fighting men on either hand,
And all between ran "No man's land".

Oh Flanders Fields! what carnage wrought,
On either side, when armies fought,
O'er "No man's land". We grieve to tell
Of doughboys lost, when there they fell.

Oh Flanders Fields! the mystic point
Of time, the zero hour, in front—
Clear duty called for speed and haste,
That "Huns" might sense war's bitter taste.

Oh Flanders Fields! what pain to know
That armies dwelt grass roots below:—
Live men entombed, and there to stop
Till orders were, "Over the top".

Grave Flanders Fields! orders obeyed:—
No doughboy slacked or seemed afraid:—
Each hit the foe whene'er he could,
Though wounds were met and death ensued.

Great Flanders Fields! It was some feat
To rush the terrain, foes to meet,
And hunt them out from hiding place
And smother scores in war's embrace.

Great Flanders Fields! where signs reveal
That war its dead may not conceal,
For true, each cross of hope invites
Remembrance of the man that fights.

In Flanders Fields, 'tis largely true,
The Allies sought the Huns, and knew
They'd skulk and hide and comrade call,
And yield their weapons, selves and all.

Oh Flanders Fields! What glories shine,
When we recite in prose or rhyme,
The valor, courage, blood bright red,
Of heroes found amongst the dead.

Fair Flanders Fields! Famed part of France,
Where glory dwells, and some romance:—
And graves in rows grimly aver
Much blood was shed of men that were.

In Flanders Fields, midst strife and rage,
How bitter death, that claims such wage:—
Where booming guns, the foeman feeds,
Speak in no tongue that valor heeds.

Oh Flanders Fields! Who can withhold
High admiration when he's told
Of deeds like these, so rare and brave,
Fierce war to end—a world to save.

On Flanders Fields, what vim and zest,
Were given thee at war's behest!
Who met the foe and turned the rush,
Without a stain or e'en a blush.

On Flanders Fields, thus went the war,
Day after day, both near and far:—
Until the Huns for peace besought,
And gave up all for which they'd fought.

Oh Flanders Fields! We've seen and read
Heroic deeds of doughboys dead;—
The numbers that in battle fell,
With whom we trust now all is well.

Now he that met war's sacrifice,
Is a true martyr to world peace—
So may his soul in Heaven rest,
And share its glories with the blest.

Now then the Kaiser's eldest son
Was heir-apparent to his crown:—
A Hun of Huns—a vain, proud lad,
With head much turned as one near-mad—
He'd often said he'd force a fight
(As war was his one great delight)
Upon the world, when he became
The leader of the Teutons' game:—
That is, provided Sire did not,

Within his time, first spring the plot;
For Bill and son and others, chiefs,
Became inflated with beliefs:—
The world was at their easy reach
Whenever they'd a war beseech:—

But Kaiser Bill, both old and grim—
Found an excuse war to begin,
A world-wide war—on mere pretense—
To crown his reign with eminence.
So Bill went to it with his might,
With France and Allies all to fight:—
And placed his son in high command
Of armies raised in Fatherland.
His purpose was to teach the boy
To handle armies as a toy—
That their one flag might be unfurled
Above the French—perhaps the world.
Such was the aim, and its intent,
Before the Prince, as thence he went
To man the lines, from North to South,
And show the Huns their prince's worth:—

So the Crown Prince, at Bill's behest,
Led armies out to make the test,
And win great battles from the foe,
And awe the world with princely show.
But now anon he met a snag,
And fortune always seemed to lag;
So the vain Prince his armies fed
Unto the guns. Much gore was shed.
Like as for instance, at Verdun,
When war its carnage had begun;—

So on it went, day after day,
Two years and more: The Allies met
Each fierce assault, with purpose set
To hold the Huns from breaking through,
In any way, or old or new.

The allies met the Teuton mass
In these plain words: *"They shall not pass"*.
'Twas posted here and thereabout
Along the lines, and 'twas no doubt
The one brave thought that held the field
At ev'ry rush, such vow, a shield.
The war went on, fight after fight,
In open day—again at night:—
The Kaiser's pet was thus to show
The Huns their prince's brightest glow:—

His armies were hand-picked for war,
From all the Junkers near and far:—
They fought most bravely to no end,
As heroes were there to defend,
And held the terrain 'gainst the mass:—
The Huns lost out—*They could not pass.*
So Bill's pet son did not succeed,
Nor reach at all his greatest need.
His leadership went to the wall,
With thousands dead, for naught at all.
So truly, friends, we say right now,
He earned no fame—much less his "chow",
And left the Fatherland to fate,
As hereinafter we relate:—
So now this theme—the vain Crown Prince—
We drop for cause—his impotence.

Now all this time France suffered most,
Till her proud foes the war had lost:—
When ruin stood them stark before,
They sued for peace—of war no more.
And for such end a cartel call,
Throw up the sponge, the war, and all,
And signed a pact to cease the strife,
That forty years had filled their life.

So Kaiser Bill did not succeed
In his ambitious game of greed—
Became perturbed and quit his right,
Threw off his crown and took to flight.
Thus, hope of kingship, pride of place,
Went to the dogs in Billy's case.
Soon as vain pride left Kaiser Bill
New terrors great his thoughts o'erfill,
For there he was, just a mere man,
Of family, and soon all ran,
And refuge sought with neighbor friends;
And here is where Bill's glory ends.

Now truly Bill was much a fraud,
In claiming self a quasi-god;
For who e'er knew an upright man
To slaughter millions in the span
Of one short life, to flaunt his grace,
And crowd the tomb, to save his face?
Kaiser's a name, assumed, we sense,
From Rome's great Caesar—mere pretense,
That Bill might claim—as well might we—
A place in Rome's famed pedigree.
Caesar of Rome, Kaiser and Tzar,

A row of mighties once they were:
Save one, great Caesar, ne'er a king,
Because of Brutus and his ring.
Kaiser, a name, not Latin is—
Much less of substance than of fizz,
And froth of pride—in Billy's case,
The chief of felons, and their "Ace".
Thus for a time he held his "fling",
But now's not else save an ex-king.

Proud Bill abjured all sense of right,
And found himself in this ill plight—
Each shadow seemed a haunting wolf,
For Bill's obsession was himself.

Be square's the motto in high place,
Whatever effort won the race.
Play safe—disaster oft impends
O'er him who seeks, with greedy hands,
For more—for soon Nemesis wakes,
And for each wrong atonement takes.

Play fair—for fortune ne'er forgets
That "tricks" are chiefly losing bets.
Be just—for Justice oft allays
What things went wrong in other ways.

Be brave—for valor is the shield
That turns the thrusts on honor's field.
Be true—keep the straight way along,
Step after step and do no wrong.
These admonitions clearly teach,
The course to follow's within reach.

Such thoughts as one we emphasize,
As thus they may no one surprise.

Be square, play safe, be fair, be just,
Be brave, be true, be wise we must—
True guides are they from Ethic's code,
So them regard, and keep the road.

Now William First, wise leader old,
Was more a King that Bill fourfold;
For Bill lost both the place and name
That William First had raised to fame.
So thus they each high place did fill—
William went up—Bill, down the hill.

Attila—Hun—was Bill's pole star,
And hence his armies, "Huns" in war.
Bill's great ambition was to gain
New lands by conquest, and retain.
He failed in both and lost his crown,
And now's Ex-Kaiser less renown.
Grandsire, as ruler, held the crown.
Grandson—successor—pulled it down.
The latter's war aim was for pelf,
In disregard of aught but self.
Now William First, the old man wise,
Most often did fair peace advise:—
The elder man, discretion knew—
The younger nursed Ambition's view.
So this conclusion all must own:
Be wise—leave well enough alone.

Now Kaiser Bill, proud Overlord,
Deemed more than human—much a god,

All puffed with pride, inflated, big,
Concluded 'twas high time to "dig":—
His thoughts ran thus, we may surmise:—
"I see no ground for compromise.
The world's gone mad! The things I fear
Are all about and red and near."
Then spoke right out: "A Kaiser dead
Is but 'The late,' not 'Ex'", he said—
"What ruler slacks and hides the while,
May soon return and reign in style."

'Twas Goldsmith in long years now o'er,
Penned some fair thoughts of old-time war;
Of him who fights and flees and lives,
Whate'er his pedigree, that is:—
The man that fights and runs away
May live to fight some other day.
'Twas epigrammatic and new,
(Though here misquoted*) bright and true.

Did Kaiser Bill recall such thought?
Or had he its main point forgot?
That it did not include his need
Is true. *He never fought!* Indeed,
Safe kept away—far at the rear—
Because of danger, and of fear.

*This thought is found in Oliver Goldsmith's, "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan," Vol. II, page 147, and reads thus:

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

It was not intended to be quoted literally, but the thought only.

That Bill may see his error plain,
And seeing, hide and so remain,
The thought we now epitomize,
And hold it plain before all eyes,
And ever hope and even pray
The end will prove just as we say,
"The king that slacks and hides away,
Shall ne'er return at any day,"
"He's lost all prestige from the name
Of the high place thus brought to shame."
So let Bill live as he may wish,
He's out of caste, like spoiling fish.

Now Bill, Ex-Kaiser, 'tween two days,
Took to the road—shunned all delays,
And speeded forth to beat Old Nick,
And save by hook or crook his neck.
And Bill, Ex-Kaiser, won the race,
And now's alive, but in disgrace,
And sawing wood, hard common work,
But safer far than he forsook.
Now all the world and all mankind
Just hoped he'd meet disaster blind.

This incident, both strange and true,
Connotes the scheme that Billy drew—
Mad Harry Thaw's historic flight
From Matteawan in broad daylight.
So Bill essayed, by equal pace,
To save himself, if not his face;
And forth he sped, for safer zone,
Though not as Thaw, by self alone.

He took his family and all,
His son and heir, foes to forestall,
And hit the road, concealed by night,
And fled for safety—out of sight.

Great Goldsmith's verse gave Bill his clue,
And Thaw's exploit near proved it true;—
So Bill by reason of the twain,
Made precept practice to his gain:
He'd never fought—precept too big;
His son had fought—practice—then dig.
Thus Bill and son, fill all and each,
Of the main calls and safety reach.
So Thaw's exploit and Goldsmith's verse
Together showed to Bill his course.

Tho' slacker Bill may feel no pain,
A screw he's lost that held his brain:—
From such slight accident in kind
He ne'er again may hope to find
The way from which he's wandered far,
Nor evermore o'ertake his star:—
For now he's quite so far from most
Of the great honors once possessed
That all discretion's gone to bits,
In the one way a slacker flits.
For lack of judgment in high place
Most often ends in shame, disgrace.
So 'twas with Bill—once deemed near-god—
Now's just a man, or less, a clod.
So now 'tis just and fair to say,
Bill petered out and ran away.

Deflated, he in haste and soon,
A refugee became at Doorn.

Oh shame! to think so proud a lord,
From his own war and folk should hide,
But lordly Bill forsook his crown
And like a rock to earth came down—
In other words, his head he lost,
And Ostrich-like sought flight and dust.

Now woman's sympathy and skirts
Are covers frail for who deserts
And seeks to hide himself and stay,
And like in movies, "fade away".
But Bill, Ex-Kaiser, made the race,
And still's in form, but out of place.
So Bill scarce knows where he is at,
With less of hope than Ghetto "brat",
His fame denied, mere fiction's tale,
And he in hiding from the gale
Of world-wide censure that is out,
And everywhere and all about:
So Bill was nothing but pretense,
With pride and wind for sustenance,
And when the bubble burst, he fell
And fled to Holland, there to dwell.
Thus may his closing days of shame
Be viewed as warnings 'gainst ill fame.

What we have written here may be
In Bill's conceit, *lese majeste*:—
But bear in mind and note its sense:
The unfrocked priest of wreck'd pretense

Is Bill, proud Kaiser, ex'd, and hence
All that remain's mere circumstance.

An incident's a stubborn fact,
When once it's shown as 'tis exact:
So now we answer Bill's protest
By some true incidents, and rest.
In words as plain as we can write
Of the ex-Kaiser's one time plight,
We state the facts in full reply,
As none can ever them deny:—
Can Bill regard himself as true,
Should he his former life review?
He'd find this picture on the screen,
And true to fact in ev'ry scene:—
A man of fortune, pride and fame—
Successor to a worthy name—
And ruler of such high renown,
That princes trembled at his frown—
Now stripped from head to feet in shame,
And nothing left he may regain:—
The strong, full figure of a man,
So streaked with yellow that he ran,
And quit the war he'd brought upon
Kind nations aiding, and his own.
His cordon bleu* of Prussian pride
Deflated is—Bill has the hide?**

*Cordon bleu (bloo), n. The highest distinction of any profession.
Vide: The New Universities Dictionary.

*His cordon bleu all Junker clack,
Deflated is—Bill holds the sack.

Now France her place holds "in the sun,"
The victor o'er all foes undone.
And now right here we beg to say
The French stand high in ev'ry way.
Her people all have done their part
In this great world e'en from the start,
As men of genius, great and strong,
And queens of fashion—stars of song:—
Past masters in the trades and arts
And sciences, and all their parts.
Indeed, the French lead at such pace
That none may pass them in the race.
And so the French stand out before,
All leaders, followed more and more.
The French again are kind indeed,
And aid all peoples when in need—
Nor are they boastful in excess;—
Their chiefest aim is for success.
They live and labor, forward urge,
And strive and struggle to emerge
And stand above all jealous hate,
And Europe's nightmare, war, abate.
Does Jew or Greek or other one
Abide in France, he's French anon.
By kindness, sympathy, they've won
A loyal neighbor and a son.
And thus the French keep full their place,
Despite their birthrate's slacken'd pace.
A master nation—virile state,
That soon revives, whate'er its fate.
So now hats off, and all who may,
Three cheers for France! hip, hip, hurra!

MORAL

The lesson of this ghastly tale
Is not less strange than true, though stale.
Ambition mad, with poisoned sting,
At once struck both a prince and king:—
The venom held its course to run,
And hence two madmen—king and son,
Who waged fierce war for loot and fame,
That brought them naught but hate and shame.
Thus crazed ambition out for pelf,
More oft than not destroys itself.
Its recoil heeds no mere excuse,
As 'tis conceived in pow'r's abuse:—

They looked around and to their game
Invited neighbors of fair-fame,
To take the lead—mere camouflage!
That mad-men seek as coverage.
So Bill, the Kaiser, and his heir,
Essayed on such mad course to fare—
A course that led to just the end
That sober reason should forefend.
They won at times—oft lost a heat—
But ended in a full defeat:—
And thus together met the fate
That mad ambition heeds too late.

Now each is held in safety's hand,
From world-wide foes and Fatherland.
They'd waged a war of frightfulness,
And brought the world to dire distress—

And wrongly shed whole seas of blood,
In ways well known and understood—
And thus committed crimes for greed,
Till flight was timely and their need.
So hence they must, in front of stage,
Stand chiefest felons of their age.
For blood that's shed at wrong's desire
Is never quenched—it's living fire.
'Tis their just state, in fear and dread,
To bear the curse of millions dead,
That fell before or in their ranks
Without e'en sympathy or thanks,
And now they have new lives begun,
Not king and prince—but Bill and Son.

NATURE

"How beautiful is all the visible world."
—Byron.

Awake, frail man! Kind nature's chiefest pride,
Thy coronal's the gem of worthiness;
Thee God hath raised above all else beside,
Save His own might, and His great kindliness.

Awake mere man! Thy thoughts to Nature turn,
And from its handiwork observe the care
Vouchsafed for thee, and therefrom truly learn,
Thou art the favored of all creatures fair.

Most favored creature thou, at Nature's hand,
On land, or in the waters, as't may be,
On land, or in the air, and understand,
Thou art the acme of all mystery.

'Tis not thy mission, then, at all to doubt
That Nature's ways are held in fix'd design,
All things that live, that are, or are about,
Acclaim themselves the work of One Divine.

Thy vision broaden, and thy thought extend,
Grasp all the evidence, wherever found,
Observe and reason, thus to comprehend
The source of life in all things that abound.

Fair Nature in no part is left to chance,
For chance, like dreams, holds never to a line,
Whereas each season brings the same advance,
So Nature's clearly governed by design.

Who does not feel the harmony—the art,
In all the works of Nature that appear,
Each bud and blossom from its very start
At Springtime and thence on, year after year.

The breath—the life, that ever fill the air,
The gentle breeze that moves them here and yon,
The starry nights, the sunshine warm and fair,
Are Nature's servants ever leading on.

The growing season for each seed extant,
And the sweet savor of the dew and rain,
The care that shapes each leaflet and each plant,
Show the perfection Nature does attain.

The myriads of forms of living things,
The mystery of life scarce understood,
Thy reason only this conclusion brings—
All Nature is the handiwork of God.

SUMMATION

I

The infant years are steps to mount
From zero-days to days sublime:
Their small events seem of account
In the forthcoming reach of time.
The days, the weeks, the months and all,
Seem but to pass too slowly on—
Accumulate—perchance appal—
For youth to meet and muse upon.
Life's later years bring not relief,
But hasten, hurry, disappear—
Ne'er to return. Alas, the grief
That age must meet—it may be fear.
Most favor'd time while lives depend,
Is *all* between their start and end.

II

This stanza hints of means and ways,
'Twixt youth's release and age—decline,
Of duty's calls, rewards and lays,
Occasions, efforts, and in fine,
What things are met throughout each day,
The trail we pass along or o'er—
Long hours of labor, some of play,
Of service some, of duty more—
(For duty heeds no stops at all),
To self, our fellows and the state,
Continuous—whate'er befall—

Service to God both soon and late—
Nor yet forgetting the great call
Of wife and children, one and all.

III

Kind friends forbear—do not complain,
Time rushes ever on, nor ceases—
Each day that passes ne'er again
Shall see its hours or e'en their pieces.
Men live, exist, and come and go—
Grow old and wise, we may believe.
Succeed or fail, a time or so—
The end to come none can conceive:—
'Tis quite in vain we moralize,
Or seek to know, or reason why
Our aim we miss and lose the prize,
And bid our fondest hopes goodbye.
We're growing old sedate and sober—
E'en while so writing we've grown older.

IV

So now at last we close this book
With wishes kind to all who read it—
Just catch it up and through it look—
Some faults you'll find, or maybe merit;
Its thoughts are chaste, its diction clear,
There's naught herein that's lewd or vulgar.
It may exact a lonely tear—
Perhaps invite to welcome slumber.
The time it cost has well been spent,

LbFe

Its preparation a great pleasure,
So there is nothing to repent,
Since it has fill'd time's vacant measure.
Dear reader kind, who would deny—
We part in friendship? Shake—Goodbye.

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 929 923 5